Shal. Go to I ſay, he ſhal haue no wrong, look about Dauy: where are you ſir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand maſter Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal I thank thee with my heart kind maſter Bardolfe, and welcome my tall fellow, come ſir Iohn.

Falſt. Ile follow you good maiſter Robert Shallow: Bardolfe, looke to our horſes: if I were ſawed into quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch berded hermites ſtaues as maiſter Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his, they, by obſeruing him, do beare themſelues like fooliſh Iuſtices: hee, by conuerſing with them, is turned into a Iuſtice-like ſeruingman, their ſpirits are ſo married in coniunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flocke together in conſent, like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuite to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maiſter: if to his men, I would curry with maiſter Shallow, that no man could better commaund his ſeruants. It is certaine, that eyther wiſe bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diſeaſes one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuiſe matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of ſixe faſhions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a ſhal laugh without interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a ſlight oathe, and a ieſt, with a ſad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his ſhoulders: O you ſhall ſee him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

Shal. Sir Iohn.

Falſt. I come maiſter Shallow, I come maſter Shallow.

Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iuſtice, Thomas Clarence, Prince Iohn, Weſtmerland.

War. How now, my lord chiefe Iuſtice, whither away?

Iuſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

Iuſt. I hope not dead.

War.